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No. 141.

THE FADED ROSE.

BY A. P. M., JR.

Eyes have admired thee
When fall in thy bloom;
Glowing power has lured thee
Unheeded of gloom.
Voices have praised thee
Through many an hour,
And proudly had raised thee
A queen in thy bower.
Fond lips have pressed thee
With many a morn I prized I
And soft sighs have blessed thee
For one idolized.

Perils once blushing,
In dews of young day,
With song and music hushing,
Have faded for eye.

Perished thy smiling,
Thy bosom of love;
Thy perfume beguiling,
We so wept to lose!

Sweet was the dreamy draught
Hold in thy cup;
So many blisses quaffed,
Dried the spring up.

Sadly we miss thee—
Thy beauty of yore!
Still dreaming we kiss thee,
Though that art no more!

For memory hath bound thee
To scenes of the past,
Tho' like them, hath found thee
Too precious to last!

A Strange Girl: A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.
AUTHOR OF THE "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIRK," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

HUSH-MONEY.

WITH a face as white as the mantlepiece to which she clung, Lydia gazed upon the man in the doorway.

There was a quiet, pleasant smile upon the features of Daisy Brick, as he surveyed the girl; a smile that betrayed a great deal of satisfaction.

But the look upon her face was one of horror; had he been a specter, newly risen from the grave, her eyes could not have stared more intently—her lips have been more white.

"Good-evening, Miss Grame," Brick said, removing his hat and bowing in his easy, graceful way. "No doubt you are astonished at seeing me here in this quiet country town. I can assure you I was very much surprised when you passed me a short time ago on the street. I recognized you at once. I have such an excellent memory. I inquired who you was, and they told me, Miss Grame."

"Why have you come here?" the girl said, quickly, and the hard-drawn breath that came from between the pearly teeth plainly told how intense was the feeling that filled the heart of the speaker.

"Accident, alone, my dear Miss Lydia," Daisy replied, with another charming smile.

"Go away at once!" the girl gasped, rather than spoke.

"Go away!" Daisy exclaimed, in a tone of amazement.

"Yes, your presence is death to me."

"Death!" Daisy's wonder was unfeigned.

"Why have you hunted me down?" the girl demanded, with white lips and staring eyes.

"My dear Miss Lydia, let me assure you that my visit to Biddeford had nothing whatever to do with you. How could I guess that you were here? What object have I to hunt you down? I am not a detective officer, nor have I any malice whatever toward you. You passed me on the street—leaning on the arm of a very fine-looking young man, by the way—I recognized you; what more natural than the desire to call upon an old friend?"

"I do not believe you!" the girl cried, bluntly. "Your coming here means no good to me. You are my evil genius. From the moment that I saw your face dates all the misery of my life."

"You have learned to hate me then, Lydia?" For the first time the smile upon Brick's face faded, and a cold, cruel look came into his blue eyes.

"Hate? No, no; that is not the word!" exclaimed the girl, quickly. "I loathe—fear you; you inspire me with horror. I know that you mean me some dreadful wrong. I am helpless, powerless against you. Your presence makes me mad—with fear."

The look of pain upon the white, distorted face of the young girl would have moved a heart of stone, but it had but little effect upon Daisy Brick.

"As I have something particular to say to you, and as the saying of that something will take up some little time, I trust you will excuse me if I take a chair."

The young man pulled the rocking-chair from the corner into the center of the room and sat down in it. The girl never stirred from her position by the mantelpiece, but with the wild look of the wolf entrapped in the pitfall, glared upon her visitor.

"You seem very comfortably fixed here, Lydia," Daisy said, after a glance around the cozy little parlor. "When we parted, you said you were tired of life and wished to die. I see, though, that you still live."

"Because I am a coward," the girl said,



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bitterly. "I have not the courage to kill myself. I was near death once, but a fellow-creature stepped from her path into mine, and rescued me."

"Why should you want to die?" Daisy questioned. "A young, beautiful girl, the blood in your veins full of life, full of passion," and Daisy laid a strong, affectionate hand upon the word. "Life should have many charms for you. If report speaks true, all Biddeford is at your feet—and prettier feet Biddeford could not kneel before. They say that you are the belle of the town; a dozen suitors follow your steps, eager for your smile; yet you are only a poor mill girl."

The tone of banter was all gone now, and brute assurance had taken its place.

"How much money do you want?" Lydia said, slowly and with downcast head.

"All that you can give me," Daisy replied, bluntly.

"I haven't much."

"I won't take any more than you possess," Brick said, with an ugly sneer "and you needn't look as if you were going to be killed right off without judge or jury. There isn't any need of being heroic in this matter. Make it my interest to keep my mouth shut, and you are perfectly safe as far as I am concerned."

"I have only thirty dollars in the world," the girl said, slowly.

"Thirty, eh? Well, give me twenty-five."

"And you will go away?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And never trouble me again?"

"Oh, I can't promise that!" he exclaimed, with a light laugh. "The secret that I possess is worth a great deal more than twenty-five dollars. Suppose I should go to Sinclair Paxton and say to him, 'I know all the particulars of the early life of Lydia Grame; you love her; give me fifty or a hundred dollars and I will put you in possession of a secret which makes her a slave to the man who knows it.' Don't you suppose that he would jump at the offer?"

"No," the girl said, quickly; "he would not use such a power, even if he possessed it; he is too noble."

The girl started; her bosom heaved and the deadly whiteness again came over her face.

Brick laughed—a low, exulting laugh.

"Oh, what a dear, sweet, innocent child you are!" he said, in mockery. "You love this fellow, eh? He has triumphed where I failed. This cold-blood, icy New Englander has taken you for all you're worth. You don't care for the opinion of the world, but you do care for him. Now I'll speak plainly. Yield to my demand, or else I'll interview Mr. Sinclair Paxton, and tell him some few particulars of the life of the girl who now calls herself Lydia Grame."

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in their lives when a pretty woman is in the case," Daisy said, sarcastically.

"Then when this money is gone, you will come back for more?" the girl asked, slowly.

"No, not that exactly. My head is clear and my wits good. I would rather trick my living of the great world of guile, than force you to support me with your hard earnings. But at present I am hard pushed and must have money. I will be honest with you. I will not call upon you for aid if I can possibly do without it."

"Wait a few minutes and I will bring you the money." Lydia left the room.

Daisy looked after her thoughtfully.

"What course of action shall I take in this matter?" he asked, communing with himself. "Shall I let this love affair go on—let her marry this Sinclair Paxton? By Jove! the thought is wormwood, for I love her myself; that is, as much as I can love any one. But if I let her marry this fellow, through her I can get at his money. Aha! that's a magnificent idea," and Daisy rubbed his hands together softly.

The adventurer judged others by himself; he did not for a moment doubt that the young girl would readily marry her wealthy suitor.

Lydia's return put an end to his meditations.

In her hand she held a little roll of bills.

"There," she said, and she gave the money into his hand.

"Just twenty-five," he said, glancing at the bills.

"Yes, and now go!" she exclaimed, impatiently.

He rose to his feet, a grimace on his face.

"You turn me out without ceremony," he said, moving toward the door.

"Because I can not breathe freely while you are here!" she exclaimed.

"And yet there was a time—"

"Do not speak of the past!" she cried, hurriedly, interrupting him. "I have striven to forget—prayed that the past might be as a blank to me. For mercy's sake, do not recall the dreadful thoughts."

"Well, I will bid you good-by," he said, carelessly. "I may remain in town for a few days, so you need not be astonished if you see me. It will be as well that we should appear as strangers to each other, for it might lead to troublesome questions if it was known that we were old friends."

"Friends!" said the girl, with a bitter accent, and her lip curled.

"You dispute that, eh?" he cried, laughing; "well, we won't quarrel about a word; good-by."

His step sounded in the entry, and then the garden gate creaked behind him.

Lydia sunk down in the rocking-chair; her strength was all gone now, and a flood of scalding tears poured from her eyes.

CHAPTER V.

THE YANKEE SKIPPER.

Up on the hill, overlooking the village, stood the mansion of Peleg Embden, better known to the good citizens of Biddeford as "Daddy" Embden.

The mansion was a great, overgrown structure, with huge Grecian columns in front, which gave the building more the appearance of a meeting-house than a private residence.

The grounds surrounding the house were elaborately laid out. A tremendous effort had been made for style. Money, rather than taste, was plainly evident both in the mansion and its surroundings. It was as if the owner of the estate had tried to build a house which should impress one with the idea of great wealth at the first glance.

In the sitting-room of the house, which was magnificently furnished, sat Peleg Embden and Delia, his daughter, his only child.

The gas was burning in a drop-light on the center-table, near which the young girl sat sewing.

Delia Embden was a little, slender girl of two and twenty, with a face rather shrewish in its expression; a small, delicate face, not handsome and yet not plain, for there was a bright, winning look in the small gray-blue eyes and a rare charm about the dainty, thin-lipped mouth. The whitish-yellow hair, too, which was so neatly and deftly braided and coiled around the shapeless little head, was strangely pretty; it matched so well with the white skin, so wondrous in its pearly purity.

The girl would have been lovely but that her face was too thin, her eyes too small, and her nose too large.

But she was pretty in spite of these defects. A nimble-fingered, active, "smart," bright New England girl.

She took the whole charge of her father's household, and many a wise old village gossip predicted that Delia Embden would make a real smart wife for somebody.

Peleg Embden sat by the window, gazing vacantly out into the darkness of the night. He was a little, withered, dried-up old man, with a small peaked face, sharp, rat-like eyes, and a general expression of shrewd cunning upon his features. He was very poorly dressed. Biddeford folks said that "Daddy" Embden was lost in a decent suit of clothes.

Emden's rise to wealth had been a sudden one; and how or where he made his money was a mystery to all. He had been the captain of a little coasting schooner which traded in "truck" and "garden-sass," all along the coast from Rockland to Boston. His home was in Biddeford, and there his wife and daughter lived while he was away. His wife, a careful, hard-working woman, took in sewing, and thus aided in keeping the home comfortable.

For years "Skipper" Embden had sailed the Nancy Jane—so the schooner was named, after his wife—up and down the coast, but in the year 1864 his wife died, and after her funeral, Embden and his schooner sailed out of Saco Pool, and the places that once knew them knew them no more.

A year passed away, and during all that time the white sails of the Nancy Jane, and the withered form of Skipper Embden standing by the tiller, gladdened not the eyes of the dwellers along the rocky New England coast.

Men predicted that the coasting "smack" and her owner had found a grave beneath the billows of the Atlantic.

But on bright morning in the month of June, 1865, just at the close of the war, Peleg Embden made his appearance in the streets of Biddeford.

To the many anxious inquiries as to where he had been for the past year, he simply replied, "after money." Little satisfaction he gave to the questioners.

A few days after Embden's return a good people of Biddeford made a discovery which caused them to open their eyes in wonder.

Peleg Embden owned about fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Biddeford mills; and as the skipper of the Nancy Jane, a year before, hadn't been worth fifty thousand cents, the natural question was asked: "How did Peleg Embden make his money?"

It soon became evident that Embden was a wealthy man. He bought a site on the hillside and erected a splendid house thereon, paying cash for every thing.

Some of the village gossips who had been intimate with Embden ventured to ask him how he had made his money.</p

of the Biddeford folks, and there were not wanting tongues to affirm that Peleg Embden never made his money honestly.

Dark whispers went round of blockade-running between the Virginia capes—of the Nancy Jane carrying medicines, percussion caps, and other fight articles—contraband of war—to the Southern forces. And whispers again told of murder on the high seas, and pictured the Nancy Jane flying the black flag from her peak, and Peleg Embden as the desperate and bloody-minded commander of a gang of pirates, forgetting that the aforesaid smack was only some ten tons burden and that a dozen fair-sized men would have found difficulty in procuring decent accommodation aboard her.

But one thing was certain: the Peleg Embden who came back to Biddeford was quite a different man from the skipper of the Nancy Jane, who had left it but a year before.

Before, he had been a free-spoken man, with a cheerful word for every one; now, he was reserved and moody. He seemed suspicious of all, started at the slightest noise like a criminal fleeing from justice.

An unhappy, desolate, speechless man was the Yankee skipper.

And now as he sat glaring out of the window into the darkness of the night, he seemed strangely agitated.

Della sewing by the center-table heard her father muttering, and rising in alarm, approached him quietly, anxious to discover what had alarmed him.

Seated in a low easy-chair, facing toward the window, Embden with a face distorted with pain, was looking out of the casement.

Delia looked in vain for the object which was agitating the old man so strangely. She saw only the great, gloomy wall of darkness, night's mantle which covered in the earth—and through the darkness gleamed, like a golden star, a single light, coming evidently from some lamp placed near a window of one of the houses down in the hollow.

Leaning on the back of her father's chair, she listened to his murmured words.

"The tide turns at nine, Jethro; why don't he come? The light is fixed all right; every thing is safe and—a false beacon-light which leads the vessel off the rocks!" With a sigh of pain Embden threw his head back against the chair.

"What's the matter, father? Are you ill?" the girl asked, kneeling by his side, and looking up into his face.

"Ah, Delie," he muttered, vacantly, and again fixing his eyes upon the gloom before him. "There's the signal."

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man, hastily; "it's on the point. There goes the signal now—he's waving it round his head three times. Don't you see it move? Now Jethro, answer it. Vail our light once then again—that's twice, and that means all right."

Vainly Delia looked into the darkness; the light moved not; she saw that her father's mind was wandering.

"I can not see that the light has moved at all, father," she said, gently.

"Your eyes are not as keen as mine; you've not coasted from Cape Cod to the Penobscot twenty years as I have. There's the signal again! Answer it, Jethro!" he said, in feverish anxiety, his eyes glaring. The girl had never seen her father so strangely affected before.

"He's there, but where are they?" he questioned, his eyes still fixed upon the glimmering light. "There goes the rock-et!" and the old man was convulsed with emotion in every limb. "He knows now his danger. Hear that shot! They're on him! Up with the anchor, Jethro! It isn't our fault. Don't h'list a sail—let her drift down the river! Oh! Heaven have mercy on his soul!"

Exhausted, the old man sank back in his chair and closed his eyes, wearily.

"Why, father, how strangely you talk," the girl exclaimed; "it is all imagination. You must be sick. Hadn't I better make you a strong cup of tea? Do come away from the window." With gentle force she raised the old man from the easy-chair and supported him to her seat by the center-table.

"Delie, I've been talkin' strangely, hain't I?" Embden said, suddenly.

"Yes; but you are not well, father," she said, gently.

"Yes, a little sick," he said, slowly. "Delie, dear, eighty-one thousand dollars is a heap of money," he spoke reflectively.

"Yes, it is, father."

"Kin you reckon what the interest on it is for a year at six per cent?"

"Yes, father."

"Cipher it out, Delie; it's payable on demand, mebbe he'll come for it, who knows?" Closing his eyes wearily, Peleg Embden dozed off to sleep, while Delia sat and wondered who the person could be to whom her father owed eighty-one thousand dollars.

CHAPTER VI.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

AFTER leaving the cottage Sinclair Paxton walked slowly down the street.

The intoxication of passion was still upon him; the soft perfume that clung like a charm to the person of the young girl, seemed still with him.

Like one in a maze he walked onward. Cool, clear-headed Sinclair was strangely agitated.

"Does she love me?" he murmured; "she is such a strange girl that it is difficult to tell. She would not let me go to-night when she thought that I was pained by her coolness. She gave herself up freely to my embrace although she denied me her lips. Time alone must solve the mystery. I wonder what my father, the deacon, would say if he knew how deeply I am interested in this girl, really a stranger of whom I know nothing? He will hear of it some day, and then there will be trouble. It seems to be my fate to annoy him."

"Hello, Sin, is that you?" cried a well-known voice, and Jerry Gardner advanced through the darkness.

"Yes; taking a walk, Jerry?" the young man answered.

"Wa-al, a leetle of that an' a leetle of somethin' else," Jerry answered, slowly.

"Say, Sin, which is your best 'olt,' runnin' or fightin'?" Jerry asked, suddenly.

Sinclair was astonished at the question.

"I really don't know," he said; "why do you ask such a question?"

"Cos there's trouble ahead. Do you know Jed Hollis?"

"The carpenter? I know him; what of it?"

"I suppose you know he's kinder sweet arter a certain young lady that works down in your mill?"

"Yes, I have heard a rumor to that effect," Sinclair said, quietly.

"Wa-al, Sin, I hope you won't think that I'm pokin' my nose into business that don't concern me, but I have heard that the young lady I spoke of just now, likes somebody else as well as she does Jed Hollis, if not a darned sight better, an' of course it's natural that she should go farin' 'round 'bout it like a bob-tailed hoss in fly-time."

"Very natural," Paxton said, dryly.

"An' nat'r'l, too, that he should threaten for to do all sorts of things."

"Yes; but if I know any thing of Mr. Hollis, he's likely to say a great deal more than he'll do."

"Right, there, by hokey!" Jerry exclaimed, emphatically. "But, Sin, he's as ugly as Satan to-night. He's been gitting outside of more good old rum than you could shake a stick at in a week. He heard that the young lady was out walking with a chap about your size to-night, and he's been swearin' fit to lift the shingles off a roof ever since. Now he's just drunk enough to make a break for you, Sin; fact, he's the pesky cuss is layin' in wait for you somewhere; so just keep your eyes 'round 'bout it like a bob-tailed hoss in fly-time."

"I shall try to protect myself," Paxton replied, not a tinge of boasting in his tone or manner, but the light that shone in his eyes and a certain compression of the lips told of danger.

"Wa-al, good-night, Sin; don't let him get the first crack at you, for the cuss can hit like thunder," and with this parting warning Jerry went on his way.

Paxton passed slowly onward, his mind busy with thoughts of Lydia. Vainly he pondered on the question, "Was he loved?"

"The signal!" said the girl, in wonder.

"Yes; don't you see it?"

"No."

"The light there?" and with a shaking finger the old man pointed out into the gloom.

"Oh, yes, I see that; it's in some cottage window."

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Off came Hollis' coat; the rage of the carpenter was so great that it seemed to almost make him sober.

"I'm a match for you, drunk or sober!" he cried. "You've won my girl away from me, an' if you ain't a sneak you'll fight for her."

"Did the lady ever tell you that she cared anything for you?" Paxton asked.

"What's that to you?"

"You accuse me of taking her away from you; now, if you never possessed her love, I couldn't well rob you of it," Sinclair answered.

"You intend to fasten a quarrel on me then?" Paxton asked, coolly.

Hollis stopped; with his coat half off, and glared at Sinclair for a moment.

"What else should I wait here for you for?" he cried. "We can have a fair shake here. Over this bridge you don't go until you fight me!"

"Why should I fight you? Because you have drank so much liquor as to upset the few brains that you do possess and must quarrel with some one?" Paxton asked contemptuously.

"Both I!" responded Hollis, fiercely. "Oh, you can't put on any airs with me. I know I'm only a carpenter, an' you're one of the big-bugs, but just now we're both on us only two men, an' one of us is a-goin' to get thrashed like blazes soon, if not sooner. So just peal off your coat an' we'll go at it," and the carpenter commenced to take off his coat.

"Fine evenin', ain't it?" Hollis exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Nice night to go an' see a gal, ain't it, eh?" demanded Hollis, anger sparkling in his eyes.

Paxton's brows contracted slightly, and with his eyes he measured the drunken carpenter from head to foot, but reflected not.

"How was she, any way? Did you kiss her when you left?"

"Are you drunk or mad?" asked Paxton in contempt.

"Both I!" responded Hollis, fiercely. "Oh, you can't put on any airs with me. I know I'm only a carpenter, an' you're one of the big-bugs, but just now we're both on us only two men, an' one of us is a-goin' to get thrashed like blazes soon, if not sooner. So just peal off your coat an' we'll go at it," and the carpenter commenced to take off his coat.

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"They must be my friends!" exclaimed Fred; "and if they are, I hope they will happen this way; but if they do not, I will have to look them up to-morrow."

"Oh!"

The exclamation burst simultaneously from the lips of Vida and Sylveen, for at this juncture a strange sound rushed athwart the darkness without—a sound that filled the trio with sudden alarm.

"What was it?" passed from lip to lip; but no answer could be given.

Fred arose and going to the door, looked out. All was silent, nor could a living object be seen. He grew uneasy, but he did not permit a look or word to betray his thoughts or feelings.

They talked on, but were guarded and silent. The dark eyes of Vida looked trustingly and confidingly into those of her lover. Each glance spoke the language of love plainer than words could have done.

The moments wore on. Ralph did not return. The door stood ajar and the least sound floated in to their ears.

An ominous silence had settled around the place, but suddenly that strange sound broke upon their ears again—a sound like the flapping of great wings.

Vida and Sylveen sat alone, with wildly-throbbing hearts. Neither spoke; a silence as ominous as death settled around them.

All at once, as if actuated by a single impulse, both of the fair girls turned their eyes toward the curtained recess that Fred had occupied during his illness. Both were sure they had detected the low, suppressed breathing of something, either human or beast, behind that curtain.

They sat transfixed with imminent horror. There was an intuitive foreboding of some awful danger hanging around them. It struck them both as a gust of wind would have done.

They listened with their hands pressed upon their breasts to stifle their palpitating hearts. They were not mistaken—there was something breathing behind that curtain!

Terror is an awful agony to suffer. It blanches the checks, and causes the eyes to dilate, the lips to part and the breath to come hard.

Thus appeared the maidens. They sit with their eyes upon the curtain, unable to cry out, unable to move.

They see something touch the curtain—something dart through it. It is the glittering blade of a long knife. Then they see a downward flash—the rent is cut in the curtain, and—they see no more. There is a rush of feet. The light goes out. They are in darkness. The door is slammed violently shut. They are prisoners. And then a yell, that seems to issue in chorus from a thousand throats, makes the night hideous as it echoes and re-echoes in demonic shrieks through the dark, wooded aisles.

Where now was Fred Travis? where was the young Scalp-Hunter? Alas! where, indeed?

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO VILLAINS' COMPACT.

How long Pirate Paul and his men would have stood and gazed upon Vida St. Leger, enraptured by the sweet melody of her voice and the tones of her harp, there is no telling, had they not been suddenly startled by the report of fire-arms in the direction of the camp. Alarmed, they at once beat a hasty retreat, and reached camp to find it entirely deserted by all but three of their comrades, who lay dead upon the ground.

Their surprise and indignation knew no bounds. Pirate Paul cursed himself for ever permitting so many of his men to leave the camp. He cursed the fair being whose sweet voice he had permitted to draw them away, and swore an oath of vengeance upon her.

That the camp had been attacked by whites, there was not a doubt, for the three dead men were unscalped. But while they stood lamenting, in oaths and execrations, over their misfortune, in loss of men and captives, a human figure emerged from the undergrowth and approached them. That he was human was all they could make of him, for he was incrustated in a layer of black mud and dirt from head to foot.

"What the devil is this? Who, or what are you?" asked Pirate Paul.

"I'm Griff Morton, I am," said the doltful figure.

"Fiends and furries! How came these men slain? How came you in such a plight? Who did it?"

The robber narrated the whole transaction—the attack of the Avengers, and his own adventure in the pool, though he turned the tables, and made himself the hero of that conflict.

Pirate Paul ground his teeth and swore with rage—swore that he would wreak a bloody revenge upon the agents of his loss. In the midst of his fury, an exclamation suddenly burst from the lips of one of his men. He had discovered a party of Indians approaching them, and no sooner did Pirate Paul see them, than a shout of joy burst from his lips, that was answered back by the savages.

The latter were Sioux, the party under Red Elk, with whom Pirate Paul was on intimate terms of friendship.

In a minute the two parties were together.

The three dead pirates at once attracted Red Elk's attention.

"Has Le Subtile Fox had trouble?" he asked.

"Yes; a pack of white hounds, calling themselves Avengers, attacked my camp while most of my men were absent, and slew three of the guard and escaped with two captive white squaws, one of which I intended for you a wife."

"It is bad," replied Red Elk; "the Avengers are culling. Red Elk set a trap for them, but they were like the wolves that scented danger, and stole away. Death-Notch, too, is in the woods."

"Seen him lately?" asked Pirate Paul.

"But last night he arose from the heart of our camp-fire, as he arose in the council-lodge on the night of the storm, when he fled on the horse of Le Subtile Fox."

"He is a terrible creature, chief; and these Avengers will soon be more terrible than he. They must be hunted down and burned with fire."

"Le Subtile Fox speaks the truth."

"Then let us to work, chief. Shall we go together?"

"What does the white chief say is best?"

"Can you bend two bows as easy as one?"

"Red Elk is strong, but he can bend one bow easier than two."

"Then if we work together we'll be as two bows; we will be strong, and the enemy can not defeat us; but if we go separate, we'll be as one bow—easy bent."

"The white chief speaks the truth. Red Elk is willing to join hands with him."

"Then from this moment let our vengeance begin. The settlements must fall if we would reach the strong arm of our enemies."

"Le Subtile Fox should have been a red chief. His brain is quick. His mind is long and reaches far ahead. The white man's wigwams must fall; his horses be ridden away and his cattle slain; then he can not live as the red-man does in the open woods, and by his rifle and bow."

"Then we can begin our work near here. But a short distance away stands a little cabin that I never knew was in existence till to-day. It must be the home of some old trapper. There is a beautiful white squaw there. She would make Le Subtile Fox or Red Elk a nice wife."

"The white chief speaks truly. She is beautiful as an angel."

"Then you have seen her?"

"To-day my braves discovered their wigwam for the first time. A cunning pale-face lives there."

"Did you intend to destroy the cabin and capture the beautiful white girl?"

"When night makes everything into shadows, then will we strike. While the white squaw sung to her pale-face lover by the creek, four of my braves entered the cabin and concealed themselves. Le Subtile Fox can take the pale squaw for his slave. Red Elk wants only scalps."

"Ah, you mean business, chief," replied Pirate Paul, "and by the time we can bury these dead men, it will be dark—time to work—though I do not see why darkness is necessary for two score of Indians to capture a girl and boy."

"If by waiting for darkness we can save the life of one warrior, it will be well to do so," replied the diplomatic Red Elk.

"Yes, yes, Red Elk, that's all true; but here, boys, let us perform the last sad rites for these poor devils, by putting them under the ground."

It required but a few minutes to inter the slain pirates in shallow graves, hollowed by means of knives and their hands; but by the time it was accomplished darkness had gathered over the forest.

Then these human demons took up their line of march toward the home of Ralph St. Leger.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

Saved by an Accident.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"Mrs. DELMAR!"

She started and looked about. The avenue was hushed into complete silence it had seemed. There were no lights in the tall buildings across the way, but a long gleam of moonlight glinted with ghostly whiteness over their stately proportions, and lay alternating with shadows below. She had been quiet, too, framed in the window where she stood, the regal head bowed, the hands clasped, even her breath stilled, as she looked out upon the peace of the sleeping world. Would she ever know such peace—the quiet of content and rest?

Her stillness now was the stillness of restraint. She chafed under the bonds she had imposed upon herself. She turned her face—a wonderful face in which a history was written, but written in a language which no man could understand; a face still as if cut from stone, scarcely varied by flitting expressions, colorless, strong in its self-reliance, with dusky, unfathomable eyes where you caught a glimpse of the unsatisfied craving of the restless spirit held in check by that enforced calm of exterior.

"We miss the courteous attentions of a hostess below. Greatorex will sing only if he is accompanied by your magnificent contralto; Maxwell has been making efforts to declaim his own poems, but he lacks the inspiration of your presence; Buell is prosy where your tact makes him sufficiently endurable. Come, the mistress of the mansion must shine in the midst of her splendor—it would be a pity to hide such a glorious light from such appreciative eyes. I am waiting, Mrs. Delmar."

She swept out to the center of the dimly-lighted room with the swinging, graceful strides which, in a woman, always call up the vivid, blood-curdling comparison of a leopardess, infuriated, yet cowering and submissive in the presence of its master.

And this was her master in point of law as well as the pitiless exercise of his inflexible will over hers.

A clock somewhere rang out eleven strokes, and from below came a burst of boisterous laughter, a confusion of men's voices, a snatch of an Italian chorus which would have scarcely borne an interpretation into our plain English tongue, and silence again. A door had opened and shut, and it was into that men's kingdom below she was required to penetrate.

Whiter and harder grew her white, hard face, but a flash like a lurid light was a passion-flame in the depths of those luminous, unreadable eyes.

"It is just an hour until midnight, and I am weary beyond measure. Is there no limit to this exhibition? You should have gone to an Eastern market and bought a Circassian slave at once. I must beg you to excuse my absence this once—apologize to your friends if it be necessary, or tell them that even the most abject of slaves will rebel at times, as you like. If you said nothing they would never observe the single element of hospitality lacking, but I don't expect that much consideration."

"You underrate your importance. One I assure you but has noted your absence and commented upon it; not one but joined in the request for your appearance—and two certainly who are devoured by the desire of impatience and expectation, until your entrance fills the list of attractions promised them. Greatorex and Maxwell must not be disappointed. To please them, Mrs. Delmar."

"Whatever obligatory weight your wishes may convey, theirs can have none. To please them or any of those gathered below, I shall appear to-night."

"Then to oblige me. Don't say me, I beg. I should be sorry to exercise my right to command in a matter so trifling."

"Trifling! Oh, my soul! Is it trifling to be dragged into the presence of wicked, scoffing men, who have lost all the pure nobility of manhood? Refined, cultivated

they may be, but not one with untainted sentiments and unsullied character. My portrait is in the drawing-room, Mr. Delmar; exhibit that and the result will be as satisfactory as my presence possibly can be."

"We are simply wasting time—time precious in the sight of Greatorex, inspiration, the very life of poetic sentiment to Maxwell. And to us it is nothing but unnecessary dallying."

"The white chief speaks the truth. Red Elk is willing to join hands with him."

"Then from this moment let our vengeance begin. The settlements must fall if we would reach the strong arm of our enemies."

"Le Subtile Fox should have been a red chief. His brain is quick. His mind is long and reaches far ahead. The white man's wigwams must fall; his horses be ridden away and his cattle slain; then he can not live as the red-man does in the open woods, and by his rifle and bow."

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(To be continued—Commenced in No. 136.)

Cover my retreat at midnight, if you can. We may meet hereafter, but as another proof of the true friendship you have shown me, forget that you have ever known me after this hour."

Greatorex, who had loved her vainly, who knew her better than the man that had won her from him, understood her meaning and honored the delicacy which would not utter a word to betray the tyranny driving her to appeal to him. The task which had promised to be no easy one was rendered unnecessary. Five minutes before the hour struck Delmar touched his wife's shoulder.

"How tired you look! I will not detain you, since I am convinced it would be sheer cruelty to deprive you of further rest."

With a quick glance of doubt and surprise, she bowed silently and withdrew.

With no appearance of keeping surveillance, he never lost sight of Greatorex after that. He was both puzzled and distrustful as the time wore on and the latter made no attempt to quit the rooms. He had been so sure that a meeting was appointed between these two that an hour had gone by before he discovered that Maxwell was missing. A servant—the same he had set on the track of Greatorex—came gliding up with the news that Mrs. Delmar's maid had found that lady's room empty. Like a flash it came to him that he had been outwitted, but, collected to the last, he made a few words of excuse to his guests, who were not yet thinking of a departure, for these gatherings of his were seldom dispersed until breaking day warned them away.

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Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—W. P. O'H. says of the JOURNAL: "I have been taking your paper for eight weeks and can say that it is the BEST WEEKLY PAPER ever published." A great many people, judging by the letters we get, and the press notices from all sections of the country, think the same.

—Mrs. H. B. C. asks for longer installments of the love stories, saying: "They are so good I can't bear to wait." Doubtless Mrs. C. would be happy to have the whole serial in one issue of the paper, but considering the necessity for variety, and the multitude of tastes we have to gratify, each issue must comprise liberal portions of several serials, besides short stories, essays, poems, etc., etc. We usually give larger installments of serials than any other of the popular weeklies; and besides, having our writers specially instructed as to our ideas of a good story, their romances are usually fully one-third shorter than the same writers would send to other papers, if they were writing for others. This gives great brilliancy and vigor to the narrative, and affords a rapid succession of new serials, which would be impossible if authors were permitted to be "long-winded" and prolix. As brevity speech is the soul of wit, so brevity in serial relation is the very soul of interest and heightened effect. Hence, our motto: "Short, sharp and incisive," and the result a success unprecedented in the history of popular journalism. Serial writers expecting to gain admittance to our pages must bear this in mind. We prefer a serial of twelve or thirteen installments to one of thirty, and yet expect the intrinsic excellence of the long serial in the short one.

—The Postal Card System, not yet introduced—will not prove a vast success, we surmise, because it utterly destroys all privacy in correspondence. A mere business order may be made on an open card, but even such orders the business man does not care to have read by every one. As to family correspondence by these cards, that is quite improbable. Our rates of postage are too cheap to induce even a beggar to write on an open page, in order to save two cents. The cards will be used chiefly in cities, in passing inquiries, making orders, etc., but, as a system it will not be popular, nor can it be remunerative to the Government.

—We certainly have no objections to ladies and gentlemen dressing as they please. If a young Miss of sixteen wants to look like a ballet-dancer when she parades the streets, it is her own, or her parents' business; or, if the same young lady prefers to dress in sober black and to wear a Sister of Charity hood, that is her own business, too. But, what is right personally, may be a wrong as applied to the many—that is, if it costs outrageously to dress a-la-mode, it is setting a bad example for persons of moderate means to ape the style of persons of large incomes. We know of women whose husbands have only moderate, or quite small salaries, yet who dress as if their income was at least five thousand a year. Of course there can be but one end to such folly—bankruptcy or crime. The right to dress is a private right, but it is not so personal and reserved that any one has a right to set a bad foolish example. Hence, while we may not deny any lady's right to her diamonds, laces, furs and silks, we do question her privilege either to dress beyond her means, or to set an example for others to follow which will prove pernicious.

—The amount of a man's wit and learning by no means indicates his usefulness, since it is a fact that some of our veriest vagabonds are scholars, in the true acceptance of the term. We know, for instance—a German who is master of seven languages—has traveled the world over—has been the companion of eminent men—and yet he is, to-day, a walking bundle of rags, and will sing an obscene song for a glass of lager.

A case equally bad, perhaps worse, is that of the Irishman, Mortimer, whose recent death in a London hospital and burial in a Potter's Field, has been announced. He was master of at least a dozen modern tongues. In his youth he had been cabin-boy in an American bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48. He was a very strong man, and utilized his strength by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakespeare through Germany, was a Greek professor at Hamburg, had a troop of Spanish ballet-dancers in Holland, and was the companion of Sir William Don, the baronet-actor, in his wildest continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thumb; another in the company of Murphy, the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune.

The lesson of such lives is self-evident—the greater the waste of attainments the more melancholy the life. A person's responsibilities really increase with the growth of their mental possessions, and he who not only makes no good use of attainments but prostitutes them to ignoble uses is equally an enemy to himself and to mankind. The young man with little learning, who makes good use of his faculties, is far more to be admired than he who, with much learning, makes a poor use of what he knows.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Did you ever look over your newspaper kind friend, and read the strange advertisements therein? Singularity in some of them has often set my brain to thinking, especially those commencing with, "Whereas, my wife has left my bed and board, I

hereby forbid any one trusting her on my account," etc. I wonder why she did such a thing, and which of the two was the most to blame? It doesn't strike me that it is human nature for a woman to leave her husband without sufficient cause. When the man penned that advertisement, could he have forgotten the bygone days, when she, whom he was now exposing to the gaze of the crowds, was once his all-in-all? In the bygone halcyon times, had you told him that his marriage would lead to such a result, he would have said you were mistaken, if you were a woman, and would have knocked you down if you were a man.

Now, all this is forgotten; he can not remember that he ever loved her—that a word from her caused him happiness, or a tear gave him sorrow. Yes, and his memory is not good enough to bring to his remembrance how careful he was of her lest she should take cold, or the time she was so sick, when he knelt by her bedside, and fervently prayed for her recovery. That is all blotted out, and she may wander about the streets barefooted and die in the poor house for aught he cares.

I am not going to exonerate the woman far from it. She may be far more to blame than her husband. Man is a rough sort of being, necessarily so from his contact with the great world, and a tender word from a woman has an immense power and influence over him; yet, does she always use it?

I will make no broad statements, but will merely relate a case that came under my own observation, and I know it to be truth.

As good a young fellow as ever lived married a girl whom he loved as dearly as his own existence, and the earlier portion of their married life was extremely happy—so much so that they were the envied of others. Business failed; the young man wandered the streets daily in pursuit of work, yet without avail. He was sad and dispirited. Now, his wife, instead of trying to cheer him up, exclaimed: "I do wish, Richard, you would get something to do, and not wear my life out with this moping. Didn't I leave a good home to marry you? I can not live upon air; I haven't been accustomed to it."

What was the use of his telling her that he had tried hard for work? She would have added that there must be work of some kind to do. One word led to another, and she went home to live with her father, where she remains to this day. That all comes from her fretful and complaining disposition.

In another case, the husband was all to blame, for he was always snapping and snarling, and so mean and miserly that his wife shivered for want of good and warm clothes, and was almost starved to death. When she left him, he was magnanimous enough to advertise her, and nine out of every ten who read the warning blamed the woman, and allowed the man to go free.

When you marry, remember that your partner has as much right to an opinion as you have. Bear with each other the burdens of life; put away all piqueishness and strive for each other, and you'll save your advertising bill.

When a woman leaves her husband to run off with another man—then she deserves to be advertised, and I don't blame her husband one bit for doing it.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Another Letter from Dr. Livingstone.

U.S.A., Nov. 15, 1871.

MY DEAR WHITEHORN:

Through the kindness of Mr. Stanley's express, I am enabled to communicate with you, who, I have no doubt, are by this time the President of the United States, and will be glad to hear of your constituents in this part of the world. They are not, as you may suppose, white. The only way we can get an idea of their complexion is to take 75 parts of lamp-black, 10 parts of pitch, 10 parts of ink and 5 parts of stoye poot, mix them together on some dark midnight, and then look at the compound through a piece of smoked glass or with your eyes shut. You can make a pretty good guess then.

They are called the "Lost Tribes of Africa," from the fact that every traveler among them has lost every thing he had, and occasionally his life, at their hands. Their hair is cut off the same piece as their complexion, and is not straight, as you imagine, but so kinky that if a comb should accidentally get into it, it would have to be taken out in sections, and it is greased and scented with butter which Sampson himself couldn't wrestle, and warranted to knock a man down fourteen times before he can ever get up once. The consequence is they are entirely in war.

In battle they form their lines and instead of charging bayonets they charge heads and rush at each other with terrific force. It is a striking scene, for each man is a regular battering-ram. They never injure their heads, but they often have their limbs jarred off in this way.

Their mouths hide the largest part of their countenances, and when one gapes you can't see any part of his head and very little of his body. Indeed, their mouths are the largest vacuums ever left by nature. If any one in the Makolola tribe has feet less than twenty-six inches long he is doomed to die; so, if a man is lying down you would imagine he was standing up, on a cloudy day.

They are purely honest, and would sooner have their heels cut off than to steal an ox of their neighbor who hadn't one to steal; and they are such tender-hearted and humane people that I never saw one of them go to kill his grandmother that didn't first pat her on the head and affectionately shake hands with her.

The females do all the work while the males are engaged in the pursuit of sleep, and they think almost as much of their wives as they do of their dogs.

They are splendid tradesmen, and no matter how close the man is they trade with them always get a reasonable price for their children, which are about their only stock in trade, and there is not a man among them, I can affirm, who would be mean enough to part with his beloved wife for anything less than a piece of red calico—they would score to part with them cheaper than that.

As these irons are nickel-plated, they never rust. They are of several sizes, costing from one dollar to three dollars apiece.

Gentlemen use them for smoothing their hats; ladies find them invaluable for toilet purposes, when in a hurry to smooth their laces, ribbons, or fine handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc.; while in the sewing-room they are invaluable.

tion of an extra stripe of white over the eyebrows, cut bias. Two rings in the nose will be the rage among the ladies, and their teeth will be filed to sharper points than ever.

"Pointed sticks will be worn through holes in the upper lip as usual, but will be longer and larger than heretofore. There seems to be one or two ladies who affect the extreme in styles, who will augment their costumes by wearing a patch on the left cheek, but they are looked upon with derision by every body who hates extravagance. All the better class of ladies are having their left ears cut off, which is very unique, and is considered perfectly stunning. The more wealthy females that can afford it, have the right eye gouged out and three fingers cut from the left hand. A few who are not so economical go further and have their heads shaved close, but, we must say, this fashion won't have many followers.

"The gentlemen will be clothed in a little more paint this season than usual, and a few will go so far as to have their fingers cleaned and their faces washed with water, but the majority will merely rub their faces with beef-fat, and the more flies they carry with them the better.

"On the tables of the refined, human cutlets will be the prominent dish; lizards and snakes for the second course, and grasshoppers for the dessert."

They do not know the luxury of boiled soap, and when I presented the king of Kisawahitis with the only cake but one that I had, he was so pleased that he offered me thirteen of his wives, which I declined. He ate it up.

The men are very brave, and not more than fifty of them will run from one white man. Their prisoners in battle are excellently quartered—drawn and quartered, and afford excellent food for conversation and eating. They are such harmless creatures that they won't kill an ox, but tenderly cut their steaks from the living animal while it runs about in the enjoyment of health, and so they keep on cutting pieces of it until there is nothing left but the skeleton to browse.

The people of Unyanyembe live altogether on the delicious fruit, surnamed wild onions.

At Manyema the elite of the world could be seen of an evening taking their airing on prancing oxen, while the king's turn-out consists of a rail on the shoulders of two men. This king signs his name to state documents by putting his dirty foot on them, and it may be said his signature is very legible. He blows his nose on a boot-jack, and was so glad to see me that he wanted to eat me up on the spot. He doesn't keep a tailor, either. When I presented him with a paper collar, turned, he arrayed himself in it and seemed quite happy.

What strikes me the most is, the people don't wear stockings—in fact, they go barefooted and think nothing of it. I would be ashamed of themselves. Can't you send them some neckties, which they stand in great need of, and a ship-load of ice-cream? and a quantity of musketo-bars to clothe them?

The mercury to-day is 299 in the shade; brass buttons melt, and I subscribe myself, Warmly yours,

LIVINGSTONE.

Woman's World.

Woman in the Tea Trade—Vapor Stones and Gas Sticks.—The Embroidery-Machine and Bowdrie Safe.—Answers to Correspondents.

WHILE looking over the bill of fare at one of our most elegant and fashionable Broadway restaurants a few days since, my eye was arrested by the words "Mandarin tea." I smiled, for that single item on the bill of fare evoked a vision of "WOMAN'S WORLD" of a very different character from that I have tried to insist was the true spirit of the sex.

No one will dare to say that adventurous and excellent woman, Susan A. King, who penetrated and traversed the whole Celestial empire in quest of the real Mandarin tea, found it and brought back a cargo of it to this western world, placing the control of its sale in the hands of working women, has thrown herself out of the Woman's World by that most unusual exercise of a woman's right to do the duty which seemed nearest to her.

While Anna Dickinson, with her golden oratory, is thrilling the political pulses of the hour with the question, "Is the war ended?" an enterprise is going quietly on that makes Wall street stare, and attracts the attention and respectful admiration of her capitalists and business men.

A beautiful bark of four hundred and forty-eight tons, bearing as her figure-head the bust of "MADAME DEMOREST," the lady President of the Woman's Tea Company, loaded at Pier No. 9, East River, foot of Wall street, with a cargo for Australia, spreads her white wings, and is now on her way to China, via Sidney, and will return with a cargo of Mandarin tea, exclusively for the Woman's Tea Company. This ship was purchased, paid for and fitted out by the capital of the company. These facts speak for themselves more eloquently in woman's defense, when circumstances draw her, in the discharge of duty, out of the home circle, more than volumes of written matter.

To turn from this outside view of the "Woman's World" to the inner one, I will call the attention of housekeepers and mothers to a beautiful little portable vapor stove I have seen cook a complete meal, without wood or coal; doing the whole business of baking, roasting, boiling, broiling and stewing; making no smoke, smell, noise, nor dust, at an expense of about one cent an hour. It burns naphtha, can be lighted in a moment, and is easily extinguished. It can be carried from one room to another while burning, and in hot weather can be used out of doors.

Another novelty of the passing moment is that of the "Toilet Smoothing-iron," an invention which furnishes an ordinary saddle-iron, which can be brought into effective use without the necessity of a coal or wood fire, or the expensive gas-heating stove, such as generally used for this purpose. It is made hollow; can be placed over an ordinary gas burner or common lamp, and being heated from the inside, it will not soil or smoke the finest fabric.

As these irons are nickel-plated, they never rust. They are of several sizes, costing from one dollar to three dollars apiece. Gentlemen use them for smoothing their hats; ladies find them invaluable for toilet purposes, when in a hurry to smooth their laces, ribbons, or fine handkerchiefs, scarfs, etc.; while in the sewing-room they are invaluable.

Those who love to see their little ones' garments covered with embroidery will be pleased to learn that an embroidery machine has been invented, and patented in Europe and the United States. It works with any kind of thread, on any material—tulle, muslin, cambric, cloth, woolen, cotton and silk fabrics, and leather. It is one on which the most intricate designs can be executed without turning the material, as it is fed by a "universal feed motion," which works in any direction. The operator does not even touch the cloth, and the machine runs at a rate per minute of six hundred stitches by hand, and twelve hundred by power!

Among the costly and pretty things brought out especially for ladies who can and ought to afford such a thing, is a "Boudoir Safe" which is an elegant piece of furniture on a highly ornate pedestal, intended to stand in the dressing-room, and which every lady who wears diamonds and costly jewelry should have, as a protection for her valuables against sneak-thieves, dishonest servants, or workmen sometimes employed in the house.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EFFIE B. Jet is very fashionable this winter. It is not used in heavy, massive designs. Delicate sprays, flexible coronets and seeded passementerie, and fringes, are all favorites.

NINA F. Real Whitby jet sets, including bracelets, can be purchased from \$16 upward. Shell sets, real, \$18 and upward. Plain gold, late styles, pin and earrings, from \$30 to \$300, and all intermediate prices.

Cameo, turquoise and coral are all fashionable. Pink coral is considered the finest and best. Those sets of very light pink, with each article carved out of a single piece, can be purchased from \$80 upward. Snowy sets of deeper color from \$20 up. Malachite sets command \$35 and upward. Earrings continue to be worn large and heavy; the favorite designs are in large hoops or oblong rings. Some pretty star-shaped sets are also shown, and bid fair to be very popular.

EMILY VERDERY.

Short Stories from History.

Loss of the Eneas.—If the coast of Newfoundland could speak it would have some sorrowful tales to tell of disaster, suffering and death. One of the ships lost there, named the Eneas, was for a long time the subject of story and fireside tales. This ship, a transport, with three hundred and forty-seven souls on board, struck on a rock near the coast of Newfoundland, on the 23rd of October, 1805, at four o'clock in the morning, when she received so much damage, that her total wreck became inevitable.

On the first alarm, the women and children clung to their husbands and fathers, until a tremendous wave at one "fell swoop," buried two hundred and fifty of them in the ocean. Thirty-five of the survivors were floated on a part of the wreck to a small island about a quarter of a mile distant; but not an article of any kind was saved from the ship. After passing one night on this little island, they constructed a raft, which enabled thirty of them to reach the mainland. Four of the seamen had died; and another, who had both his legs broken, was missing, as he had crawled away from his comrades, that he might die in quiet. Eight days afterward he was found alive, though in a shocking state, as his feet were frozen off; but he lived to reach Quebec some months after.

The party finding that they were in Newfoundland, and, as they supposed, about three hundred miles from the town of St. John's, set forward, and directed their course toward the rising sun. Three of the men were unable to walk from bruisures; and at the end of the first day Lieutenant Dawson, of the 100th regiment, became incapable of keeping up with the remainder. Two soldiers remained with him, and they toiled onward at a slow pace, without any food, except the berries which they found. Lieutenant Dawson was soon unable to stand; and he entreated his faithful attendants to make the best of their way, and leave him to his fate. They did with great reluctance; and not until, as one of the poor fellows said, "they did not know whether he was dead or alive." The two survivors continued wandering in a weak and feeble state for twelve days longer, when they were found by a man belonging to a hunting-party; who, little expecting to see human beings in that desolate region, took them for deer, and had leveled his gun at them, when his dog leaping toward them, began to bark, and discovered his master's error. When they related their shipwreck and the sufferings they had endured, tears stoned down the cheeks of the huntsman; who taking the moccasins from his feet gave them to these poor men, and invited them to his hunting-cabin, saying it was only a mile off, although the real distance was at least twelve miles. By degrees he enticed them to proceed; and at length they gained the hut, when four or five men came out with long bloody knives in their hands, to the great terror of the soldiers, who supposed they would be immediately butchered and ate up. They soon discovered their mistake, for the men had been cutting up some

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NO MORE! NO MORE!

BY ST. ELMO.

The scene leaves lie in countless showers
Upon the with'ring lap of earth,
While faded are the forest flowers,
And all the sun's bright birds sing.
No more their perfumed lips shall slip
The crystal dew-drop's fragrant breath,
But frozen tears will rudely skip
Athwart their features, pale in death.

The little birds whose joyous notes
First woke the dreamer from his sleep,
Those little warblers whose fair throats
Sweet vigils of the morning keep—
How still the world and man can savor
To climes where southern zephyrs blow—
To rise and greet the morning star—
With music's soft and mellow flow.

The grim old forest clothed in fire,
With here and there a greenish flame,
In gaudy-colored rich attire,
A picture seen in Nature's frame;
But soon disrobed their garments lie
Ragments on the gloomy earth,
Falls far above, the leathen sky,
Looks down on them with solemn mirth.

A soon too soon, stern Winter's king
With scowl and spear high once more,
And frozen chalices with frosty o'er;
To drap the hills and valleys o'er;
But soft-browed Spring with gievel voice
Will snatch him from the ice-bound throne,
And then all Nature will rejoice
To see the haughty tyrant gone.

Her Reward.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

ROY CARNOVAN and Alice Wayne sat down under the apple-tree by the gate, in the June afternoon, and talked together. The sun lay over the wide, green meadows in yellow splendor. Crimson clover blossoms nodded in the wind, and paid tribute to the day in incense sweeter than myrrh. Robins twittered to each other overhead in the leafy branches, about their nests, and the prospective cherry crop most likely, and the blue birds sailed up and away through the soft air, with a trill of song bubbling out from their little throats. It was a beautiful day; a day for love to work its spell in, on young and happy hearts, and Roy Carnovan and Alice Wayne felt the influence of the scene, as they sat there under the apple-tree, in the summer-sweet weather, and talked together earnestly.

"And so you think you love me well enough to make me your wife?" she said.

"I do not think, I know," he answered.

"You do not doubt me?"

"No, I do not doubt you; you are sincere in your belief that you love me; but have you thought the matter over well?"

"I haven't thought any thing about it, only that I love you," he answered. "What need is there to think more about it?"

"There are many things to think of," she answered, slowly. "Marriage is not for a day, nor a week, but for a lifetime. I am older by two years than you are. I am different from you in many ways. Do you think you could love me well enough to overlook my faults, and that you would never regret linking yourself for life to such a shy, plain thing as I am?"

"I love you," he said, in a lover's impatience. "That answers all your questions and puts all further argument out of the way. If you love me, as I care for you, you will trust me, Alice. You remember what Tennyson says:

"Trust me all in all, or not at all."

"I will trust you," she said, and put her hands in his.

He kissed her tenderly, believing that she could never be unworthy of her trust, and that was their betrothal.

"I remembered that you told me once, dear friend, that I might always look to you for help, if I needed it. Our friendship was a strange one. You were hardly a woman grown, then, and I was a woman who had her children about her knee. I need your help now, if I ever did. My husband died two years ago, and all my children, save one—the eldest, Nathalie, now a girl of seventeen. And now I am dying. I feel that I can not stay on earth long. My physician tells me that the change may come at any moment. I have no one to look to for help in this hour of need, unless I turn to you. The memory of your promise to always be my friend came back to me yesterday, and I resolved to write to you. Will you take Nathalie? She will have enough to support her comfortably. Only give her a home, and care for her. Will you take her? or must I leave her to the care of strangers?"

This appeal, coming from an old friend, touched Alice Wayne deeply. Those to whom she gave her friendship once held it ever afterward.

She wrote to the woman who was drawing near to death that she would take her child and care for it as for a sister.

And by and by, after the change had come to Nathalie's mother, Nathalie came to her.

It was a warm September day when she reached her new home. Alice and Roy Carnovan stood on the veranda when the carriage set her down at the gate. An odd, butterfly sort of girl, dark and spirited, and full of fiery Southern blood, they saw at once, the moment they looked into her face. She ran up the steps to Alice, who had turned forward to meet her.

"You are aunt Alice," she cried. "I know, because mamma told me how you looked. She told me to call you aunt Alice. May I?"

"If you want to," Alice answered, but the title made her feel strangely old. She had never felt her twenty-seven years so much before.

Roy Carnovan's eyes were full of admiration for the girl, who was so entirely different from any he knew; there was the charm of novelty about her; of piquant originality. Every movement was as careless and full of grace as a bird's. She was evidently unused to the restrictions of society, and was, therefore, as artless and natural in all she said and did as a child. Indeed there was certain childish waywardness about her, at times, that made one forget her seventeen years.

Her coming brought a change with it to Alice Wayne's home. It had been quiet and still there before. Now the girl's gay voice rung out in song at early morning and late at night. She flashed through the rooms like a bright little humming-bird. She was here, there, everywhere. Gay, thoughtless, vivacious, she made Alice think of a sunny April morning, liable to cloud over and bring rain before noon; for, with all the girl's gayety there would come strange, restless, morose moods, when she was not a very pleasant companion. She was fickle and

changeable. Alice liked people who were steadfast.

Roy Carnovan came to Waynesford often, after Nathalie came there. The piquant, fiery creature interested him. He liked to study her. He had a liking for gayety, and, in contrast with Alice's quiet ways, he put Nathalie's vivaciousness and exuberant overflow of spirits.

I don't think it a good sign when a man gets to contrasting the woman he is engaged to with some other woman. The chances are ten to one that he decides that the woman he is not engaged to is superior in some respects to the woman he is engaged to. It is human nature, I suppose, but I don't like to see it. He should make his comparisons before becoming engaged, I think. He should satisfy himself that he is, and will be, perfectly satisfied with the woman he chooses before he goes so far as to speak of marriage to her.

Roy and Nathalie were much together. Alice saw how intimate they were, but she had faith in Roy for a long time before she had any doubts of him. But by and by little doubts began to creep into her heart, no matter how resolutely she tried to keep them out, and a little doubt is like a little leaven.

And she had cause to doubt the faithfulness of her lover. He neglected her. He lingered at Nathalie's side, and came and went at Nathalie's bidding. When Nathalie was about, he seemed ill at ease; restless; lost; when Nathalie came his restlessness was gone; he found himself at once.

Alice had to acknowledge the truth to herself at last. This girl whom she had given a home to had won away her lover.

She saw that Roy chafed at the bonds that bound him, and she broke them in twin one day and gave him back his freedom.

But, lawk-a-me! It's a'most time for you took, when you asked me to be your wife. You had not thought about what you were doing. Thank God, it is not too late to undo it. I give you back your ring, and—you are free!"

Roy Carnovan took his ring, wondering if this quiet woman had ever loved him. It was not in his nature to comprehend the depth and strength of a love like hers.

It was not long before Nathalie wore the ring Alice had worn, and in the spring she became Roy Carnovan's wife.

And then Roy Carnovan began to understand what a solemn thing marriage is. He found out, when it was too late, that the woman he had wedded was not capable of making him happy. We tire of superficialities; and he found that Nathalie was thoroughly superficial. She had none of the deeper, finer feelings of life. She was all show and glitter. An ornament, whose novelty soon wore off. They had not been married six months, before he was thoroughly tired of her. There was nothing congenial between them. They had hardly a taste in common. When he humored her capricious fancies, she was like a pleased child. When he thwarted her in any thing, she was sullen and ungovernable. He soon learned that the only way to keep peace, was to let her do as she pleased.

He sees Alice Wayne sometimes, and he contrasts her with his wife; he knows now that he could have been happy with her, for she is not a woman to change like the wind. You see her to-day, and you know that she will be the same to-morrow.

He gathered up the articles of apparel he had just discarded, and thrusting them into the covered basket which was awfully a receptacle for the expected spoils of the finny persuasion, turned in the direction of the village.

When Ware returned to the office after his visit to the manse, he found Mr. Thancroft waiting impatiently for his appearance.

The lawyer had been engaged all the morning over the private papers of Madame Durand, and among them he had come upon sundry receipts for sums of money paid to one Heloise Vaughn, and in the very bottom of the box was a letter, the paper of which was yellow and the ink pale with age. It was only a few lines, formal and business-like, acknowledging a favor from Madame, and announcing the well-being of "the child." It was dated from Lyle Ridge, seventeen years before.

Mr. Thancroft's hand trembled with agitation as he folded the paper which had given him the first clue. "The child" he knew could be none other than the disinherited son of Jules Durand. His determination was taken in a moment, but he studied long over the best means of pursuing it.

Ware stared when his employer met him with a request that he should provide himself with a change of linen, and proceed direct to Lyle Ridge.

"I want to learn the present whereabouts of a woman named Heloise Vaughn who resided there seventeen years ago," he explained. "You may have some difficulty in tracing her after this lapse of time; if necessary go further, and do not stir yourself upon the matter of time if you find any grounds to work up the search. I would go myself, but there is an important reason why I should not be absent from Fairview for even a few hours, and North can not be spared from his regular duties. How soon can you be ready to start?"

"In a couple of hours," answered Ware.

"The sooner the better. I will supply you with the requisite funds, of course."

Ware took his way to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

"What does the old fox want of Heloise Vaughn?" he asked himself, as he sat about packing a small valise with such articles as he might need during a limited absence. "How would he take it, I wonder, if he knew that I could give him the information he's after without stirring a step on the wild-goose chase he'll find it, taking his plan of action?"

No, he was a stranger in the village and only took up the job for a day or two. Wasn't much used to the work and didn't know as he would like, but if he was employed there and in such pleasant company, he'd be a'most willing to go into a contract and serve faithfully as Jacob did for seven years, if another seven weren't to be tacked to the end of 'em and he was sure of the reward he'd be thinking of asking for.

"Oh, Lor!" said Jean, simpering. "Seven year aren't nothing to stay in a good place. Folks often go longer without the promise of more than they honestly earn, at that. There's Mr. Johnston has lived at the manse for over forty year, and I was brought up in the service as you might say."

Blair had heard the talk down at the village as how the madame had left a little remembrance to all of them in her employ; very generous of her, some said, but for his part he didn't see as she could have put it to any better use. Some folks paid that sort of conscience-money for not being considerate as they might have been while they were alive.

"Oh, madame was always good enough, for that matter; she had odd turns and was awful set, but she never put upon us as she did on them as came nearer to being of her own sort. We might be the worse off for her loss, only that Miss Mirabel's to be the mistress."

Mirabel must have been very fond of

Mirabel to have left her the estate, Blair suggested.

"Oh, it wasn't left to her, but to Mr. Valere, on condition that he should marry Miss Durand. We all thought that it would be left to the other young lady, to Miss St. Orne, and no one knew till the will was read how it was to go. Madama had never been fond of any one unless it were that shy Ross, who managed to put herself into the old mistress' good graces; she was found out at the last, though no one knew exactly how. Anyway, there'd been a dreadful scene," so the kitchen authorities, none of them inclined to be lenient to poor Milly, had surmised—"Ross was sent away from the madame's room in disgrace, and so angry she were that she went a-threatening of the madame's life."

"Only an idle threat, of course," said Blair.

Jean shook her head with mysterious sombreness.

"Folks do say as how madame came to her death quite too suddenly; the doctors had their suspicions too, though they kept very quiet over 'em, and let the whole master drop, which I say isn't according to the duty of Christian folk. Who's to know but that the rest of us, what a certain body might get a spite against, sha'n't go in the same way the madame had?"

"Anyway, it was known that the mistress wouldn't have Ross wait on her after finding of her out, witting which, I was called to take her place. But the very night she died, when I was out of the way, Ross pushed herself into madame's room, and the next thing's that known my aunt, who is a housekeeper here, is a screaming out that the madame is dead."

"I know I shouldn't like to stand in the waiting-maid's shoes."

"But, lawk-a-me! It's a'most time for you took, when you asked me to be your wife. You had not thought about what you were doing. Thank God, it is not too late to undo it. I give you back your ring, and—you are free!"

"I rather take a sip from those beaufiful lips," retorted the gallant swain.

And Jean, with a coquettish toss of her head and flirt of her starched skirts, tripped away toward the manse.

No sooner was she gone than the gardener's substitute dropped the implement with which he was working, and vaulting over the low hedge, pursued his way under the shadow of the orchard rows to the thick growth of pine woods beyond.

Once in their depths a wonderful transformation took place. The slouched hat was flung aside, and the flaming red wig came with it. The violent application of a handkerchief saturated with the contents of a little flask from his pocket, removed all traces of the florid complexion. The rough coat came off, disclosing a blouse of light cloth beneath it, and there stood the younger of the two night passengers who had come to recruit themselves amid the rural sports of rugged Fairview.

He gathered up the articles of apparel he had just discarded, and thrusting them into the covered basket which was awfully a receptacle for the expected spoils of the finny persuasion, turned in the direction of the village.

When Ware returned to the office after his visit to the manse, he found Mr. Thancroft waiting impatiently for his appearance.

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Ware stared when his employer met him with a request that he should provide himself with a change of linen, and proceed direct to Lyle Ridge.

"I want to learn the present whereabouts of a woman named Heloise Vaughn who resided there seventeen years ago," he explained. "You may have some difficulty in tracing her after this lapse of time; but it never occurred to him that Valere and Mirabel might find some stronger bond to draw them together than madame's imposed desire.

He met Valere upon the threshold, and the latter turned back with him to the library.

"I want a plain talk with you, Erno," said the lawyer, seating himself. "Have you time?"

"I am at your service. My business is not so important but that it can wait."

"Where were you going?"

"To consult you in the first place. I had word from the Winston tract; there has been a large consignment of cattle from the upper mountain regions, and Winston writes that he is prepared to take the quarterly returns. I thought of taking the journey to-morrow, devoting one entire day to the settlement of all the business, and return upon the following day—to be absent three days in all."

"It will hurry you," said the lawyer. "As you like about that, though."

"The sooner the better. I will supply you with the requisite funds, of course."

Ware took his way to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

"What does the old fox want of Heloise Vaughn?" he asked himself, as he sat about packing a small valise with such articles as he might need during a limited absence.

"How would he take it, I wonder, if he knew that I could give him the information he's after without stirring a step on the wild-goose chase he'll find it, taking his plan of action?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Thancroft, I could give you surer information of the whereabouts of Heloise Vaughn than you'll be apt to find by following her erratic courses. But I'll not throw away this rare chance for a holiday; I'll take the time to mature the plan which shall aid me in winning beauteous Mirabel; I'll spend your money as pleases me best, you old guy of a lawyer; and meantime I'll make up my mind whether or not to give you that same information regarding the woman, Heloise Vaughn."

"One thing is patent to me, that she has no desire to communicate with you; so now what crochets are you setting about to unravel that must needs have her at the bottom of it?"

In the hurry of his preparations for his unexpected journey, Lucas Ware utterly forgot the little gold-tube vial he had commissioned Ross to obtain for him, and two hours later he left Fairview, determined to take at least a week from the irksome duties pertaining to the office.

It grew dusk without, and lights were afame within the manse that same evening.

The dinner had been delayed for some reason, and the party of four were lingering over the dessert, when there came a sharp double knock, followed in a moment by the tramp of men's feet in the paved hall.

Mirabel must have been very fond of

Ross was in the housekeeper's room, trimming a mourning-cap for Mrs. Briggs. She started to her feet in nervous alarm as the door fell back and two civil but determined-looking men advanced to confront her. They were the sheriff of the district and a single constable.

The butler, uncertain yet of the precise nature of their mission, hastened with a troubled face to call Valere. And the little party just leaving the dining-hall

the truth of what she knew his answer would be.

"If you were penniless, Mirabel, I would offer you my whole heart's love and prove it by a lifetime's evidence."

She went close to him and laid her small fair hand upon his sleeve.

"Then we will follow the line of our duty and be happier for having done so. No time shall stand between us, Erne."

There was no mistaking the tender lights of the deep dark eyes, the softening curves of the rare, proud countenance.

"You love me? Oh, Mirabel!"

His strong arms closed her in, and with heart beating back to heart, lip answering to lip, their betrothal vow was recorded—the register of truth between them until death was fixed beyond the power of coming trial to wipe it out.

Mirabel released herself from his close embrace and drew him to a place beside her, presently.

"Let me tell you what my sacrifice must be to leave me worthy of such devotion as yours," said she.

"Oh, sweet!" interrupted Erne, reproachfully, but she closed his lips with her dainty hand.

"Dear heart, I have loved you from the first, but nothing except your unswerving honor and noble resolve could have ever won me. I shall come to you, my love, without one single penny of madame's bequest. Will you not even yet disdain such a poverty-stricken bride?"

"It is only you I want, my Mirabel."

"Then this is what I shall do, true love: All those rare priceless jewels properly belong to the Durand inheritance, and they shall be included in the assignment of the estate and personal property to Jules Durand's son."

"And the thirty thousand dollars, madame's legacy to me, I will make over to Fay St. Orme upon my marriage-day."

"And I shall love you so faithfully, sweet, that you shall never know the privations you are taking it upon yourself to brave," cried Erne, in a rapture of delighted admiration.

Their perfect bliss was alloyed by a reminder of terrestrial things, through the return of Mr. Thancroft in a glow of entire satisfaction. He had taken a peep in through the window to make sure of the state of affairs arrived at, and to him their decision was straightway imparted.

In vain the lawyer raved and remonstrated against the resolve which Miss Durand had taken. She was firm, immovable.

And, despite his annoyance over this, Mr. Thancroft seemed to walk upon air as he trod the steep path down the mountain.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 134.)

The Red Scorpion:

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CROWN," "HOODWINKED," "MURKLES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PEARL OF PEARLS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII. JUST IN TIME.

WHEN Lorilyn St. Clair beheld the fierce visage of her persecutor at the open trap, icy fears crept over her, and she seemed riveted, as if by some wicked fascination, to her position.

More, the threatening gestures made by Carew told her that her alarms were well-grounded.

He was seeking her. By some chance he had discovered the secret room overhead, and was using it as a means of ingress to her apartment. Perhaps he had expected to find her asleep? If such was the case, what dire motive brought him to this sanguinary intrusion?

All this flashed through her brain; a weakness of heart and limb, such as she had never felt, now seized her—the agony of a mind whose depths contained but one fearful surmise: this man meditated some foul act, and she, cowering involuntarily there, was menaced by a deadly peril.

"Make no noise, Lorilyn St. Clair. By the Eternal! if you cry out, I'll brain you, without a chance for prayers!"

The horrible words aroused her.

"Vineen Carew, what do you mean by this?" she demanded, compressing her bloodless lips, though her voice nearly broke in the effort.

"Wait till I get to you, and you'll learn. Hold the rope, Dyke."

"Yes, master; I've got it tight."

"Back! Vincent Carew!—back!" as he began slowly to descend, by means of the knotted strips.

"Back, you say! Ha! ha! ha! my pretty bird, you mistake your man. Quiet, now."

"Villain! I what would you?"

"Quiet, I tell you. That sweet mouth of yours may get you into dangerous trouble. But hold your tongue."

He was half-way down.

"What do you want here? What do you seek?"

"I seek you, Lorilyn St. Clair; and what I want I'll make known presently."

"Wretch!"

She gave the door-knob a wrench, and pulled with all her strength. But it yielded not. Then the truth burst upon her: she was a prisoner.

Carew laughed mockingly when he saw her attempt to open the door.

In another moment he dropped lightly to the floor.

Why did she not cry out for help, despite his curling throat? Something choked in her throat. Her voice refused its office. Pale with a nameless terror, she gazed into the sinister countenance confronting her, and trembled for herself, as she tried to read the grim smile resting there.

"So, Lorilyn St. Clair, we're alone for an interview—oh, you needn't pull at the door; I took the precaution to fasten it, on the outside, before I showed myself to you. Again, I tell you to make no noise, or dread the consequences of such a thing. I am not to be trifled with," pushing up his shirt-sleeves while he spoke.

There was a sardonic gleam in his eyes. He drew nearer to her.

"Keep off, Vincent Carew!"—waving him back with an almost nerveless hand. "Keep off, I say! What is your cowardly mission?"

"I'll tell you that. You've made up your mind not to marry me—haven't you?"

"Before high Heaven, yes! I would not marry you—even if I dared."

"Dared, eh?"

"Vincent Carew!—hear!—I could tell you something that would force you to give up this mad purpose!"

"You couldn't tell me any more than I know already."

"Yes; I know. You're my half-sister."

"Who told you that? Who was it?" she cried, painfully; for she had hoped he might never learn of their relationship.

"No matter who, I know, and that's enough," with a leer that distorted his face to devilish ugliness. "But, hark ye: I've not ceased to love! Do you understand?"

"I've not ceased to love! Even now, I am on fire—I am burning!" My veins are swelling with their heat! At this moment you are in my power! I am wicked—I know it; and I guess you've discovered it. With my wickedness to hide conscience, what advantage could I not take? Do you hear, Lorilyn St. Clair?—you are in my power!"

A clammy grasp was upon her heart. Things in her vision swam dizzy.

"Merciful Heaven, deliver me from this! But even the short prayer died whispering on her lips, and she looked at him helplessly.

"You love Oscar Storms!" he hissed. "But, you shall never be his bride, if you can not be mine!"

"Vincent Carew, there is murder in your glance!"

"You want to know why I am here? Listen: it is to make you promise—ay, to make you swear, that you'll not marry me!"

"I'll give no such promise!" burst in desparate accents from her lips.

"Beware!"—advancing another step.

"You are completely in my power!"

He gripped the heavy chisel tighter, as he glared into the whitened face of the shrinking girl, and bent his body, as if for a spring.

"Beware!" he repeated, scowling blackly and hissing the words; "at one blow I can take your life! Do notadden me; or, by the fires! I'll kill you!—I'll kill you where you stand!"

The iron that lurked in her icy disposition, now heated in the exciting sense of danger, shot its sparks to her tongue, overpowered fear, and wrought the woman-resolute.

"Monstrous villain! would you dare to carry on that diabolical threat?"

"Do not tempt me, then—"

"Back!—not a step nearer! Dread the vengeance of Heaven for what you have already said and done! Come not near me where you stand!"

The words were half checked on his lips, suddenly, before him arose the ghostly Phantom, its beautiful face dark with a frown!

Lorilyn beheld it at the same moment.

Backward he staggered, striving to shut it from his sight. But, it followed him.

Darkly grew the frown on the brow of the strange apparition; and, from the air surrounding it, a finger appeared, leveling fully at him.

Even in the awe, the overwhelming feeling created by the mysterious presence, Lorilyn stood firm—for a second she struggled, then screamed, in frantic accents:

"There, Vincent Carew!—see there! Off, now! Will you obey that presence and desist? Is there no terror in your heart? You shrink! Be warned, ere you do more and worse!"

As well command the shadows of night to cease their fall! As well warn back the lightning from its resistless course!

Deaf to her words, his eyes ablaze with the wild spirit which then possessed him, he drew nigher, crouching lower—evidently meaning to launch himself upon her.

"Your promise!" he cried, quivering with the passion into which he had worked himself.

Semblance of the man was lost. The transformation vied the hideousness of the outlawed prince of devils!

"Never! Never!"

"But, I'll kill you!—ha! you doubt me? Beware! Beware!"

The words were half checked on his lips. Suddenly, before him arose the ghostly Phantom, its beautiful face dark with a frown!

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"There, Vincent Carew!—see there! Off, now! Will you obey that presence and desist? Is there no terror in your heart? You shrink! Be warned, ere you do more and worse!"

With a cry that was a howl indefinable, he sprang forward, through the apparition.

A convulsive chill shook him in that during passage.

Half-blind, in a demoniac rage, he defied the unearthly interposition, and grasped Lorilyn in his vice-like fingers.

"No! No!" harsh, grating and broken.

"I will not be warned by this, nor by else!"

Let Hades yawn upon the living world, and you, and me!—care! I have not! Give me the promise! Quick! now! We're wasting time. You hurry up, and I'll stay here to cut him off." Go!"

Murder! I said. It wasn't any thing else. You see, he loved a girl there; had promised to marry her. But, he threw up his allegiance to his affianced, and left her broken-hearted. She died from it. Her father sought the villain out, and threatened him with legal prosecution. Carew knocked him—the old man—down, with a loaded cane, on the public thoroughfare. The blow proved his death. The English authorities have sent for him. That's the whole of it. Quick, now! We're wasting time. You hurry up, and I'll stay here to cut him off." Go!"

A servant, who happened near, overheard their words. In a brief space he had rushed to the dining-hall, and imparted the news to those who were discussing the recent tragedy.

Ten minutes later he was mounted, and galloping to the Red Ox, where he told of what was going on at Birdwood.

The crowd congregated there, eager for just such an excitement, as an outlet to their smothered ardor, at once started for the scene of action, headed by the man who had brought them the intelligence.

Anger, chagrin, desperation, fear—all these influenced the mind and body of Vincent Carew, as he made the wild, reckless leap which carried him clear of the window of Lorilyn's room.

His downward flight threatened a broken limb; but, he landed without injury in the arms of Thaddeus Gimp!

The unexpected collision stunned him for a moment.

"Ha! Got you, have I!" sputtered the lawyer, as he clinched with the villain.

But, Carew, besides being strong and supple, was desperate. His situation rendered him an antagonist of more than ordinary muscle. Bent upon escape, he hesitated at no means to remove an obstacle.

"Hark!" he said, "do you hear those sounds?"

For an instant, Carew's face blanched. He did hear. Numerous feet were tramping in the entry—coming closer, closer; exclaining voices fell upon his hearing.

"What is it?" involuntarily, and in a startled whisper.

"They are seeking you," answered Fez.

"Master! Master!" whined Dyke.

Rouel, who was peering down upon the strange scene, "there's somebody coming. Don't you hear 'em?"

"They! Who?" asked the thwarted wretch, not heeding Dyke, and directing his inquiry to the Obi man.

"Detectives," was the reply.

"Detectives!" he exclaimed, repetitiously.

At that juncture, something shot out into

"And more—they are from London. They are close on your track, Vincent Carew. Flee while you have time. I will not point out the direction of your flight. If you are wise, begone."

Without waiting to hear more, Carew bounded to the open window. At one leap, he cleared the sill, disappearing in the darkness outside.

"Lady, I have saved your life," Fez said, quickly, turning to Lorilyn. "I ask a favor at your hands: say nothing of my having been here."

The request was made too late. They who had approached Lorilyn's room did not pause to knock. The door was kicked in from the hinges—three men strode in.

"Seize that man, Crash!" cried the farriller voice of Jack Stone, pointing to the African. "We'll want him."

Ere Carew could make a movement toward escape, the arms of Crash Borden enveloped him, like a band of steel, pinioning him tight.

At the same moment, an unmistakable noise arose upon the night air, and penetrated to where they stood.

A struggle was going on beneath the window where Carew made his exit. They could plainly hear the rapid thuds of smart blows, commingling with the pant of the combatants. And quick, breathless exclamations, with an occasional curse, told the progress of battle to the death.

With one impulse, they hurried to the window.

A slim, twisting, wriggling figure dropped from the ceiling, and darted ahead of them.

"Catch him, Jack!—catch him!" yelled Borden, who dared not let go his hold upon the African. "It's that Rouel—son of the man Carew killed! Catch him!"

But Rouel, active as a monkey, swung over the sill, and vanished.

Dyke Fez could make a movement toward escape, the arms of Crash Borden encompassed him, like a band of steel, pinioning him tight.

At the same moment, an unmistakable noise arose upon the night air, and penetrated to where they stood.

AFTER THE BALL.
A GIRL'S REVERIE.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

He said my eyes were stars—how foolish of him!
And yet how sweet 'tis!
He knelt—and then, those eyes being above him,
He stole them hidden secret—that he love him—
And kiss'd them once more.

He called them—"could he make it?"—"Irving gold;"
These poor pale tresses!
Others have named me "Snow maid," shy and cold;
But what a warmth waked up, of love untold,
'Neath his caresses.

How sweet it sounded, through the greenhouse bowers,
That music near us!

When we, both hidden close 'mid tropic flowers,
Whispered together, heedless of the hours,
No one could hear us.

And then our waltz, so passionately flowing,
Knew not whither.

I wish we could have danced for evermore!
At least I then did.

And yet the time flew on as ne'er before;
It seemed, ere I began to waltz, 'twas over;
And all was ended.

The band played "Home, sweet home!" we heard
the sobs.

On casements patter;
We heard the carriages roll up the street;
The cloak-room filled; the storm without, it beat,
Mid horse-hoofs' clatter.

He whispered, at the carriage-door, "mid sweep . . .
O'er rain, Good-night, love."
The door was shut—too wild to think of sleep.
I sat there dreaming, through the darkness deep,
Of all this bright love.

He swore it was his, to bear no other,
In joy or sorrow;

And—oh! how hot the room is, I shall smother—
He said that he should come and ask my mother—
Think on't! To-morrow!

The Court of Lions.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

II.—THE BLACK AVENGER.

In a desolate stretch of country to the north of the kingdom of Granada, at the edge of an arid table-land, some days after the prophecy of the beggar astrologer, a party of horsemen drew rein at the exit of a valley, in the range of foot-hills, and gazed keenly out over the table-land, dry and dusty as it was with the intense heat of summer, and dotted here and there, at very long intervals, with a few nearly withered trees.

In the distance could be seen a second party, slowly advancing, and the gleam of steel in their midst, showed that there were armed men accompanying it.

The party in the valley were all Moors, picturesque and splendid in dress, and headed by Prince Hamet. The prince was mounted on a slender, wiry Arab mare, dark gray, with jet-black legs, muzzle, mane and tail, an animal well known for her speed and beauty, under the name of Al Kaireh, the magnificent. Her rider was dressed and armed in the extreme of Moorish extravagance, his helmet and cuirass covered with gilding, the turban that surrounded the former, and which allowed the end to drop down the back, being of cloth of gold, while the surmounting plume was of Bird of Paradise feathers. His dress and horse furniture were both of Genoa velvet, sown with seed pearls, and embroidered with gold, while the hilt and scabbard of his scimitar alike blazed with jewels. Prince Hamet seemed to be resolved to dazzle the eyes of his fair prey, while carrying her off, and to exhibit alike his beauty of person and prowess in arms.

The other party, slowly approaching, was very different in appearance from that of the splendid Morisco. It only numbered five persons, three of them females. The three seemed to be a lady and two maids, all attired in plain riding-dresses, and attended only by a single knight in armor, whose servant or squire was a Morisco, short, square, sturdy and weather-beaten, mounted on a bay Arab, of greater bone than usual. The knight was armed *cap-a-pie* in plain dark armor, carried a long lance, and rode a powerful black horse, showing Mecklenburg bone crossed with Arab blood.

"Holy Virgin, señor Aguilar!" said the lady, apprehensively, as she checked her horse to gaze at the glittering party of Moriscos in the distance, "is there not danger to be apprehended?"

"I fancy not, Dona Inez," said the dark knight, quietly. "There is a truce for three years between ourselves and the heathen, and they will not dare to violate it."

"But suppose they are robbers, Don Alonzo?" said the lady, turning pale; "are they not too numerous for us? See, there are nigh a score of them, and all armed! What shall we do, señor? Would that we had brought a larger party with us!"

The knight smiled gravely. He was a tall, powerful man, in the prime of life, remarkably handsome in face, with all the peculiar gravity and simple pride of demeanor that distinguishes the Spanish hidalgos. Don Alonzo de Aguilar was counted the best knight at the court of Aragon, and was well known and dreaded by the Moors as the "Black Avenger."

"I can save the señorita further alarm," he said, quietly. "Since she was consigned to my charge by her gracious father, the Conde del Castillo, Aguilar is responsible for her safety, till we reach the castle. We need no men at arms to clear the way of a pack of Morisco jackals. Hassan and I will show you on the instant that a Christian knight and a converted Moor are able to scatter all the heathens in Granada, so they come not over a score at a time. So please you, if the señorita will ride up, she shall see it done at once—Ha! St. Jago!"

The last exclamation was caused by a sudden change in the attitude of the Morisco cavalcade. Uttering a loud yell, they waved their sabers and broke into a wild gallop, bearing down on the Christians in a cloud of dust, with unmistakable hostility. Aguilar waved back the lady behind him with a gesture, pricked his horse with the spur, and bounded forward to meet the enemy, reckless of all odds. As he went he slammed down the visor of his helmet and threw his lance forward, while Hassan, the converted Moorish squire, drew his scimitar, smiled grimly, and galloped off to the left of his master, to protect the lady from being cut off. Over the black armor of Aguilar was flung a rich scarf of crimson and gold, the colors of Dona Inez, and as he neared Prince Hamet's party he shouted out his war-cry, well known on many a battlefield:

"Santiago for Aguilar! Vengeance on the heathen dogs!"

And that single cry produced a marvel-

ous effect on the Moriscos! They had not known, till they heard it, who was their opponent. Had they done so, they might never have charged, so great was the dread inspired by that single warrior, on account of his marvelous strength and prowess, and the innumerable combats in which he had been victor.

First one Moor began to pull at his horse, then another turned to the right, then more of them stopped dead short, till at last Prince Hamet and two more of his best warriors were left alone in the front. The rest huddled together, looking on and hesitating, to see the side to which victory should incline. Hamet himself was quite unconscious of this. His mind was full of the last words of the oracle:

"The maid shall belong to the brave cavalier Who shall soon to the heaven that never sees fear."

Impressed with the idea of the necessity of reckless courage, he bore down on Aguilar at full speed, Al Kaireh, with head and tail up, snorting joyously at the fray. But the nearer he came, the less did he like the looks of the Black Avenger. The long, keen lance-point was held so steadily, and pointed straight at his heart, the black horse came so swift and strong, that involuntarily the Moor's heart failed. Almost in the moment of closing he swerved away from the shock, but swerved too late. The black charger swerved at the same moment, following the gray. The scimitar of Prince Hamet was waved in the air for a cut, but that cut never fell. For, at the same moment, the lance of Aguilar caught the Morisco under the cuirass, at the waist, and bore the unhappy wretch, impaled and writhing, over the side of the mare, while the black horse, thundering on with far superior strength, trampled down the slender

THE GIFTS I GAVE MY LOVE.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

I gave my sweet a golden watch,
To mark the hours that pass away,
That she might see that I am brief,
And that I have but moments to stay.
It told her of my absence, and
It told her when I would be near,
It was a gift a queen might wear—
In truth, so said the auctioneer.

I gave my sweet a golden chain—
The symbol of the chain of love,
Wherewith I was so bound to her,
That I could not easily remove;
I placed it round her royal neck,
A tear stood on her drooping lash;
They said 'twas worth a princely realm—
I got it for a dollar, cash.

I gave my sweet a regal brooch,
Wherewith diamonds bright in cluster shone,
To prove the brightness of her eyes
Could not be paralleled to mine.
How sweet they glowed beneath the sun,
Or sparkled underneath the glass!
The jeweler swore upon his oath
They were the very best of glass.

I gave my sweet a golden ring,
To prove to her love hath no end,
A bounding heart to set it on,
To let her know it be a token.
They said 'twas wrought by Mr. Funk,
The finest work he ever did;
They would not part with it for gold—
I got it on a ten-cent bid.

My sweet, with all these jewels decked,
Outvied the glittering evening star,
And all the world was put to shame,
And I was proud as any Caesar.
And lost a thief should come by night—
Soft-footed like an evening mouse—
And with those jewels steal away,
I hired a man to guard the house.

I saw last night as I passed by,
A bracelet in a Dutch girl's hand,
The wanton to wear and wash,
Because it had been washed before.
I'll buy her that, if you could see
How sweet she smiles when I present
Those princely gifts, you'd surely say
'Twas not the least extravagant.

forget the cold, cruel world, his pitiable condition—every thing save heaven.

Soon something touched his hand—something thin, and limp, and wet—a piece of paper. He picked it up mechanically and turned it over in his fingers. In the dim, gloomy light he saw that there was writing on it; and suddenly a strange, unaccountable desire possessed him to read the words that the paper bore. He shook the sleet from it, and crumpled it in his hand, struggled to his feet.

A long way ahead a lamp was shaking and trembling on its post, shedding a flickering, uncertain glare over objects for a little distance around which was lost in the darkness beyond. Toward this the outcast tottered. He steadied himself against the lamp-post and smoothed out the paper. It was an old envelope, half rent in twain and cast aside upon the street—a worthless thing, yet invaluable to the outcast, to which it bore a promise. He held it up to the light and read:

"Paul Benson, No 103 Vine street."
"I have found it!" he cried. "One hundred and three Vine street. It is not far away. I need not starve. I need not die. Oh, God, I thank Thee!"

The outcast thrust the paper in his bosom and went on through the darkness. He walked faster now than before—he had received a new lease of life. Light was gleaming through the gloom, and he hurried on, little recking whether it was light or dark, calm or stormy without; for there was light within—the light of hope.

A half hour later he was standing face to face with Paul Benson in the banker's sumptuously appointed library. Paul Benson was a tall, dark, haughty-looking man of five and forty, with a certain look of imperturbable firmness about his mouth and in his eyes that marks the man who neither forgives nor forgets, and who holds a mean action and its author in abhorrence. Not a cruel, calculating man, but one who is perhaps a little too tenacious of his opinion of right and wrong.

The outcast stepped forward, extending his hand.

"Stop, Claude," he said, sternly. "I can not clasp the hand of a criminal, though that criminal is my brother! If you have anything to say, say it at once; for I have little time to spare from my guests. We give a party to night. So haste!"

Claude Benson sunk into a seat while great tears chased each other down his face. "Ah, Paul!" he moaned. "How can you wound me so? As heaven is my judge, I am innocent of the crime for which I have suffered—for which I have lost my place in the esteem of all honest men. When did you ever know me to commit a base act? And you have known me since I was a little baby—always since I was a little baby and sat upon your knee."

"Stop!" cried Paul Benson. "Do not add falsehood to base ingratitude and crime. As you say, I have always known you. I am several years your senior; and I lifted the burden of your education from our parents' shoulders, and when you were far enough advanced, I gave you a situation in my banking house. You performed your duties apparently in a satisfactory manner, and in a few months more I would have made you my partner. Money was missing from our safe from time to time, and suspicion pointed to some one in our employ. One day Joel Redwick, the cashier, came to me and said that he suspected you of having taken the money. I was angry with him at first, but he soon showed me that his suspicions were not without grounds; you had been seen to enter the bank several times at dead of night. I did not expose you to the shame and disgrace of a public trial, for you were my brother. I only told you that your crime had been discovered, and had you confessed then, and promised to amend, I would have given you an opportunity to have proved yourself again worthy of my confidence. But you did not do so. On the contrary, you stoutly denied, even as you do to-night, all knowledge of the theft up to the time of its discovery. Oh, Claude, I can not go further. I would not have believed that you would repay my kindness with ingratitude—much less robbing. Why did you do it? Your prospects in life were all that you could wish. You held a lucrative position in my employ; you enjoyed all the advantages of society; you possessed the love of a noble woman who would have made you a true and tender wife."

"Yes, Paul, you were very kind to me; my prospects were all that I could desire. As you say, in a little while I would have been your partner, and Mary Colby would have been my wife. Oh, Mary! do you, too, think me a base, guilty wretch, unworthy the name of man? Before God, I am guiltless!"

He paused a moment, with his face buried in his hands, and sobbed like a child; but, overcoming his emotion at last, with a strong effort, he went on:

"Then you will not give me a position again among men, Paul? You—"

"No, no! thousand times, no!" cried the banker, wildly. "What! place you among men whose confidence you would abuse as you did mine? No, Claude, I can not do it. How am I to know that you are penitent, even now? How am I to know that you have not spent the interval of two years, since last I saw you, in crime and debauchery?"

"I swear to you that I have lived an honorable life since last I saw you," said the outcast, in tones that would have carried conviction to a less implacable man than Paul Benson; "but I have been unfortunate. Sickness and want have made me the wreck I am; but never crime. I am not criminal, but very unfortunate."

"I wish I could believe you, Claude, but I can not," said Paul Benson, tremulously; "and I dare not assist you while a doubt remains as to your honor."

"I will go now." And the outcast drew his old cloak around him. "I am innocent. May God forgive you your base suspicions. He and Joel Redwick alone know who robbed your safe. You will know some time that I was never guilty of ingratitude and crime. Good-by."

Before the banker could speak or move, the outcast was gone. He passed out through the hall and was once more in the storm, which still raged with all its fury. As he descended the steps and stood once more in the wet snow, he muttered, half-despairingly:

"But one alternative is left me now, and that is death. There is surely rest beneath the ice. May God forgive me if I am doing wrong. I can not live an outcast and a branded criminal."

Twenty minutes later, the outcast stood on the ice. A great black hole yawned be-

fore him, and through it he could see the dark waters flowing on without a ripple or a sound. One plunge and his troubles would be at an end. He stood a moment, his pale face upturned to heaven, the storm beating fiercely and pitilessly upon it. He was praying: "Oh, God, receive my soul!"

The wild winds sighed and moaned and wailed, like some lost spirit, and then howled and shrieked like a maddened fiend.

"It is my death-knell," said Claude Benson, and he prepared to make the fatal plunge.

A strange sound arrested his attention. It was a cry for help. The outcast paused and listened.

He heard it again in a moment, sounding strangely wild above the roar of the tempest, louder and plainer than before.

"Help! help! For the love of Heaven, help!"

He turned and hurried away in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed.

Two men were bending over a human being, lying prone in the street. They were rifling his person.

As Claude Benson approached, the ruffians ran away and disappeared in the gloom. He knelt down beside the fallen man, and laid his hand on his knee.

"Are you much hurt?" asked the outcast, trying in vain to penetrate the darkness and look on the man's face.

"I am dying, I think," he answered, gasping. "I was set upon by two ruffians, who knocked me down with a heavy club, and then robbed me of my watch and pocket-book. I tried to resist, but one of them struck me on the breast with a knife—and from that knife-stroke I am dying. Ah, dying, and with a great sin resting like lead on my soul. I can not die—I must not die until I have seen Paul Benson. I must confess my crime!"

The outcast dragged the fast dying man to a place of shelter, and then hurried out with what speed he might to No. 103 Vine street, which was all ablaze with light, and sounds of music and merry-making floated out and mingled with the more mournful ones of the wind and storm. He flung open the door and pushed by the servant who opened his entrance, and stood in the midst of the gay company in the parlors. The gayly-dressed belles shrunk back, holding their dresses lest they should be soiled by contact with his dripping rags, and their beaux followed their example, eying him superciliously. They evidently considered his sudden advent among them in the light of an intrusion; but he cared little. He forced his way through the crowd to his brother, who advanced, frowning.

"Why are you here?" he asked, angrily.

"Shall I tell them who you are—what you are?"

"No, no, Paul, waste no time in words. A man is dying and must see you before his soul returns to the God who gave it. Hurry or you will be too late."

Paul Benson waited no longer; but hastily providing himself with a lantern, followed his outcast brother out into the storm.

They found the man still alive.

"Joe Redwick!" Paul Benson exclaimed, as the light from the lantern fell on the pale, distorted face.

"Yes, Paul Benson, it is I," said the bank clerk, in a weak, painful voice. "I have something to say to you before I die."

"I have committed a crime and driven an innocent man an outcast from the companionship of all good men. I, and I alone, robbed your bank. To shield myself I told you that the criminal was your brother Claude. Your money I can repay; but I fear I can never restore Claude Benson to the position he once occupied. I would that he were here, that I might beg his forgiveness before I die."

"He is here," said the outcast, huskily. "You have wronged me beyond reparation, I fear, but I forgive you, and pray that God will forgive you also."

"It is Claude Benson's voice," said the cashier. "Hold up the light that I may look on his face."

"It is Claude Benson's face," the dying man continued, "but oh, how changed. Want and suffering have done it—want and suffering caused by my crime. Clasp hands with me, Claude Benson, if you can, in token of your forgiveness."

The outcast took Joe Redwick's cold, clammy hand in his own. For a time there was no sound save the hard, gasping breathing of the dying man and the roar of the storm. Soon the sinking man spoke. "I am going now. God forgive me and receive my soul. I have sinned; but—but—"

There was a grasp, a rattle, and Joe Redwick's soul had passed from earth.

The brothers clasped hands over the dead man and were reunited. A year later the outcast was an honored and respected member of the firm of Benson & Benson, and the happy husband of Mary Colby, the woman to whom he had been betrothed before the bank clerk's crime cast a shadow over his life-path.

Beat Time's Notes.

THE late hot spell has put me into such reduced circumstances that with both hands in my coat pockets I don't weigh half what I used to.

You might as soon try to make an anger hole smaller by whitening it down as to try to build up a good reputation on six drinks a day.

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